

4

PZ

460

FT MEADE
GenColl

E SPELLS AND SOUL AFFINITIES



CONFESSIONS OF A PALMIST



RACY TALES

BY

CLIVETTE

33 MYSTERIOUS ILLUSTRATIONS THE MAN IN BLACK
12 SPECIAL LETTERED PLATES

LAIRD & LEE CHICAGO



*The JOHN J. and HANNA M. McMANUS
and MORRIS N. and CHESLEY V. YOUNG
Collection*

CONFESSIONS
OF A
PALMIST.



"THERE'S WITCHCRAFT IN THY LANGUAGE, IN THY
FACE, IN THY Demeanors."

CONFESSIONS
Of A
Pamist.
BY
CLIVETTE
THE
MAY-1st BLACK

LAIRD & LEE - CHICAGO.

4-PZ
460



JOHN J. and HANNA M. McMANUS
MORRIS N. and CHESLEY V. YOUNG
Collection

Gift—1952, 1955

CONFESSIONS OF A PALMIST. RACY TALES

In the year 1900 I returned from Europe and opened up parlors on Lexington Avenue, New York City.

My real intention was to give character readings and cast horoscopes.

I was foolish enough to believe people really cared about themselves in a scientific way.

But my illusion was soon dispelled.

My first client was a woman (I have always been fond of women), a

most elaborately dressed piece of femininity.

She informed me she had read my advertisement in one of the Sunday papers and was much impressed, but did not believe a word of it!

I smiled and said I did not blame her very much, I was of the same opinion, and added, "Perhaps you will be good enough to tell me why you have called?"

The lady eyed me suspiciously and said:

"You see, it's like this; I am married, and my husband loves me, but I love another: I want you to cast a

spell over my husband, and then I want you to teach me personal mag-



"My husband is very wealthy—I want you to cast a spell—to rid me of him."

"This is very simple. How much money have you?"

netism so that I can attract the one I love."

I said: "Madam, this is perfectly simple—how much money have you?"

She became confidential, placed one hand on my shoulder, looked back of her, and then whispered in my ear: "My husband is very wealthy. I will pay you a round sum if you are successful in casting a spell—I want you to rid me of him!"

I said: "Madam, this is so easy it's a shame to take the money!"

She was overjoyed, left a deposit, took her first lesson in personal magnetism and departed.

I swooned!

In a half hour or so the bell rang and in walked the lady, all smiles, and said she would take another lesson

in personal magnetism, as she felt "just fine!"

I told her "Enthusiasm is a great thing, but I think one lesson a day is all your pocket-book can really stand."

She insisted, paid her money, took the second lesson and departed in high glee!

The carriage rolled away, but as the sound died in the distance the bell rang.

I was nervous, for I thought she had returned for a third lesson.

But I was mistaken. An elderly gentleman with a soldierly bearing greeted me.

I asked him what I could do for him, and he said:

“I saw your ad in the Sunday paper, and you see it’s like this: I am a married man, my wife loves me, but I am very much in love with the sweetest little girl in all the world—of course, you know how it is yourself!

On this last point I was not exactly sure—but I bowed.

And he continued: “Now what I want you to do is this: Cast a spell over my wife and give me a few lessons in personal magnetism, as I am not so young as I used to be!”

He paid me the money in advance,

and I gave him the lesson. He seemed pleased and very confident, and told me he would call on the following day for another lesson.

I was also pleased with my first day's business, as my diminished exchequer was somewhat replenished. I had supper and was quietly thinking over the peculiarity of the case when my reverie was broken into by a ring of the bell. I answered the door, and a very pleasing little lady stammered and said she had seen my "ad" in the Sunday paper and would like a few lessons in personal magnetism, as she wished to attract a rich man that she

had become infatuated with, and who “by-the-way, is married to the ugliest woman on earth!”

To which I replied:

“You have a striking personality. I think I could learn to love you myself! But, as your mind is set on this decrepit old guy, I will teach you how to attract him.”

She paid her money and I gave her a lesson.

She was more than satisfied, and kissed me on the forehead, and said: “I will call again in the morning!”

This was so sudden I was obliged to blush.

That night I was rather wide awake thinking of the spells I had contracted to cast. In my own mind, I was somewhat skeptical as to my own ability. But as the sun came up my fears were dispelled, for the door bell rang and a wild-eyed individual entered and said:

“Are you the fortune-teller?”

I said “Sure!”

“Well!” he continued, “I am in love with a married woman, but not the married woman that is in love with me! I want you to cast a spell over the married woman that is in love with

me and see that she doesn't love me any more!"

In reply I said: "This is simple! How much money have you got?"

He said: "Never mind, I have enough! What is your fee?"

I told him—he looked dumb-founded, dilated his eyes, puffed out his cheeks and gave me a check, adding, "I will call in a day or two!"

As luck would have it, the next day I was very busy, and I had the maid at the door trained to admit those that came with the explanation that I would be "at leisure in a few moments!"

One by one my previous clients called, and were ushered into the reception room, which was somewhat darkened for psychical effect.

This was an unnecessary precaution.

They instinctively felt there was something wrong.

The "sweetest thing in the world" made a flying leap and landed in the old gentleman's beard, and began giving him a close shave without lather.

The maid at the door became frightened, and rang for the patrol, and the last I saw of the merry crowd, they were touring toward the police station.



A few lessons in personal magnetism.

A VISIT
FROM
SPIRIT
=WORLD



"I'LL FIX IT FOR YOU."

A VISIT FROM SPIRIT-WORLD.

At 9:30 one morning the bell rang and a very large, distinguished looking gentleman with black hair and moustache and flashing eye stepped swiftly into the room and swung his soft felt hat from his head with a sweep and said:

“You are a spiritualist!”

“No, I am not a spiritualist, sir,” I answered, “but I can give you the address of one if you desire it!”

“You are a spiritualist, sir,” came

the emphatic reply, "and furthermore have been highly recommended to me, and I have great faith in you." (And



"No! I have faith in you."

out came a ten dollar (\$10) bill, which he placed on the table.)

"Well!" I thought to myself, "if I am, I am! What can I do for you?"

“My wife is in spirit world,” said he.

“Yes! I know she is!” was my reply.

“Now I want her to visit me to-night!”

“Well, this is a little out of my line,” said I. “I will give you the address of a spiritualist that makes a specialty of just such cases.”

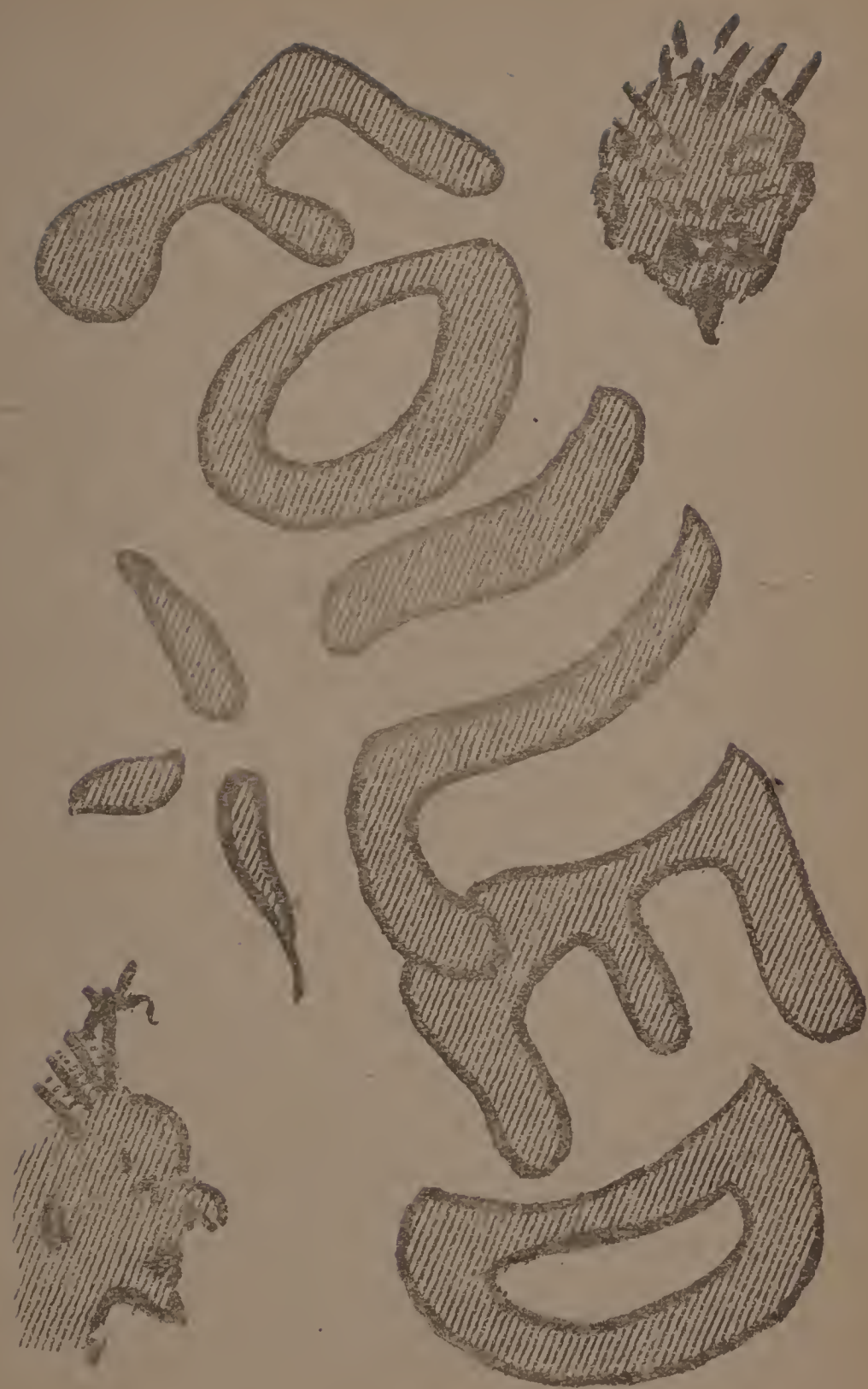
“No! I have faith in you,” and he picked up his hat and dashed out of the door!

I was sad, bewildered, and amused.

The next morning the gentleman came in, all smiles, and said: “She called!”



She called — a visitor from spirit world.





IN SPIRIT WORLD.

“FOILED!”

The teaching of occultism is ever fraught with danger.

All kinds of people from the maniac to the philosopher are aspirants, and the beliefs as to what can be accomplished are as varied as the characters that take it up.

Some take up these sciences to improve themselves, others to become powerful, and others for God knows what.

A lady came in one afternoon and

had her hand read, and became so much impressed that she said she was going to take a course of lessons, "just for fun."

My prices were \$100 for twenty lessons, invariably in advance.

She paid the money and took the course, and then asked me if I would teach her astrology.

I was in the business for that purpose, and I gave her the course.

Then she took personal magnetism, —another twenty lessons.

As I was giving her the last lesson, she said:

"You must know I don't care for

these lessons at all. I simply come here to get away from my husband. Do you know I like you better than



"You and I will go to India!"

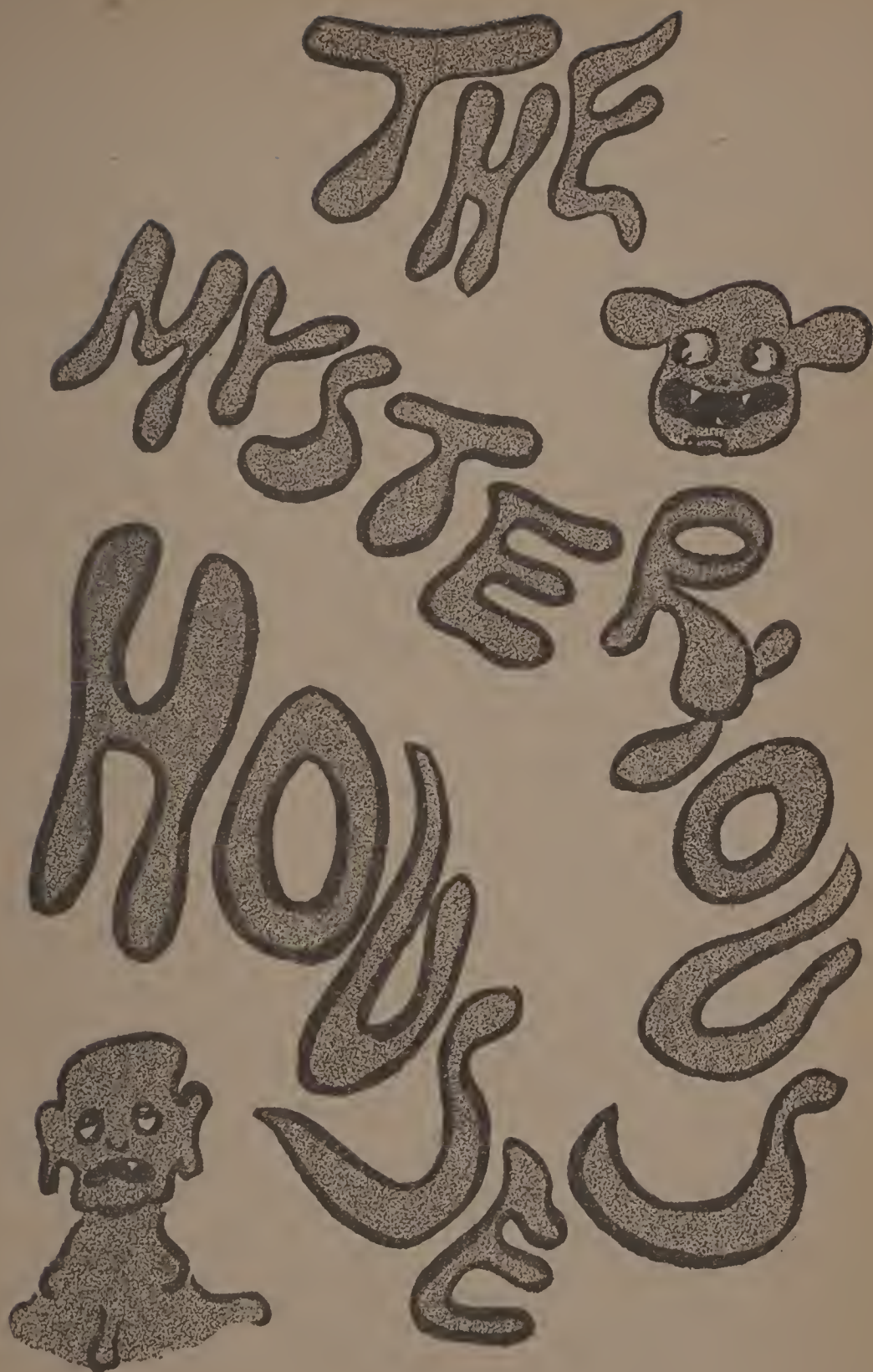
anyone I have ever met? And I have been thinking it over—I'll tell you what we will do: I can get hold of

\$500,000—some of which belongs to my husband—and you and I will go to India, and after the scandal blows over we will return to Italy, and live happily ever after!”

I said, “Madam, this is so sudden! Besides, I think my wife might object!”



“Madam, are you really surprised?”





WHICH?

“THE MYSTERIOUS HOUSE!”

A fierce snow-storm was raging and the wind was howling, drifting the snow high up on the windows and dimming the street lights, when the door creaked and a visitor in a long sealskin coat and black veil covered with frost entered without knocking. She looked around mysteriously, and then came toward me as I stood in a dimly lighted alcove at the end of the room.

She asked me if I could give her

a potion that would make men wild to gamble!

I said, "Yes, I have a potion with a hypnotic effect—but it is expensive, as it requires very close attention to compound, and the chemicals are hard to obtain."

"Well," she said, "I care little about the cost, I want results!"

I was naturally a little curious, and became somewhat sociable with my strange client, and lowered the already mellowed light in the Persian lantern.

She seemed to feel quite comfortable in the gloom that fell over the

place, and I pulled my chair up close to her.

In the course of the conversation that followed she told me she had a gambling house and catered to the wants of the wealthy profligates of the 400.

Weird, secret and uncanny things have always entertained me, so I finally had the lady so sociably inclined that she insisted on my coming over with her then and there.

I bundled up, placed a revolver in my pocket and struck out with this mysterious and highly entertaining companion.

Once out in the storm we became silent, and she led the way by a few



“She led the way—seemed well acquainted with side streets and alleyways.”

inches. She seemed to be well acquainted with side-streets and alleyways that were scarcely lighted. This seemed a little odd to me and I thought

I would keep my hand on my revolver in my overcoat pocket, and shoot through the coat at the first suspicious move or object I saw in motion. This proved to be an unnecessary precaution, as we soon entered the back door of an out-building that led into a long, narrow passage without a light. I reached out my left hand and took the arm of my guide and followed close, and was soon ushered into a doorway.

She shoved a blind panel, unlocked the outer door and we walked into a small room. A large door was then swung open and on our entering an

iron bar two inches thick dropped into place and we were safe from the outer world.

There were tables and games of all kinds—faro, roulette, etc.

On the walls were masterpieces of paintings and tapestries of antique design.

The atmosphere of the place was depressing.

My lady showed me into her private room—overloaded with furnishings and overstocked with toilet articles.

Here she became confidential, and

wanted to know if I knew anything about gambling devices.

Having had a great deal of experience with magic, illusions, etc., I suggested several improvements that could be made in the way of "sure things" and she advanced the money for same, which in due time I completed.

Anyone that came to gamble left money in the place.

A month or so passed and one fine day in came my lady client all flushed with excitement, and stated that the news of her success had reached a bitter enemy, who had opened up a place

a block below her, and was in a fair way to get a good many of her customers.

She wanted me to cast a spell over the place.

I insisted I was not a spell caster, but she said, "I know you say that, but you are just the same."

I tried to laugh her out of it but she became indignant, and insisted that I go over on the following day and stand in front of the place.

"Well," I said, "I'll go over to please you, but to me it is ridiculous!"

At the appointed time I went over

and stood in front of the place for about five minutes.

That night the police raided the house, pinched the occupants, and closed it up!

The mysterious lady with the long sealskin saw me on the following day, gave me \$2,800.00 and said she "knew I could cast spells, I looked it!"



"Weird secrets and uncanny things have always
interested me."

THE
WALK
MAY



"SCAT!" ARE YOU SUPERSTITIOUS?

THE WRONG MAN.

Certain events bring on peculiar states of mind.

People that have dealt with occultism for any length of time are liable to extreme superstition, which can be accounted for in several ways.

Firstly, the people one comes in contact with are always in a state of discontent, uncertainty and disbelief—to say nothing of the element of fear that most people are sufficiently supplied with.

The atmospheres of these people are in an unhealthy state and one unconsciously absorbs these fluids.

And secondly, the study of subtle subjects unnerves one owing to excessive concentration.

Of course all things in Nature right themselves in time, and if the constitution of an operator is strong enough to withstand these constant strains remarkable things are accomplished. In fact, events are predicted, and guilty persons located that seem beyond the belief of even well ordered intellects.

And it may be that the extreme superstition some people labor under

is only the working of a principle that is not thoroughly understood even by the so-called adepts.

In lieu of the foregoing, on this particular evening I had been making a pencil study of myself from a mirror—the light was difficult—bringing about close values, which necessitated the very closest attention. I had been drawing fully half an hour when I was interrupted by two men with mysterious airs.

It seems a woman had been murdered under very peculiar circumstances, and the supposed murderer

was already being shadowed by the detectives.

The circumstantial evidence was strong, as the man was the sweetheart of the woman, and was the last man seen with her—and the story ran they had quarreled—jealousy being the cause.

However, at the time of these men calling, I knew nothing of the case, but I immediately told one of the men he had committed murder within the last forty-eight hours, describing the woman killed, the cause that actuated the crime, and the state of the room when found.

The man became hysterical, broke down, and admitted his guilt.



"I told one of the men he had committed murder."

The man that was with him fainted, and I revived him with difficulty.

That the murderer remained to see

this man revived is, to me, dumbfounding.

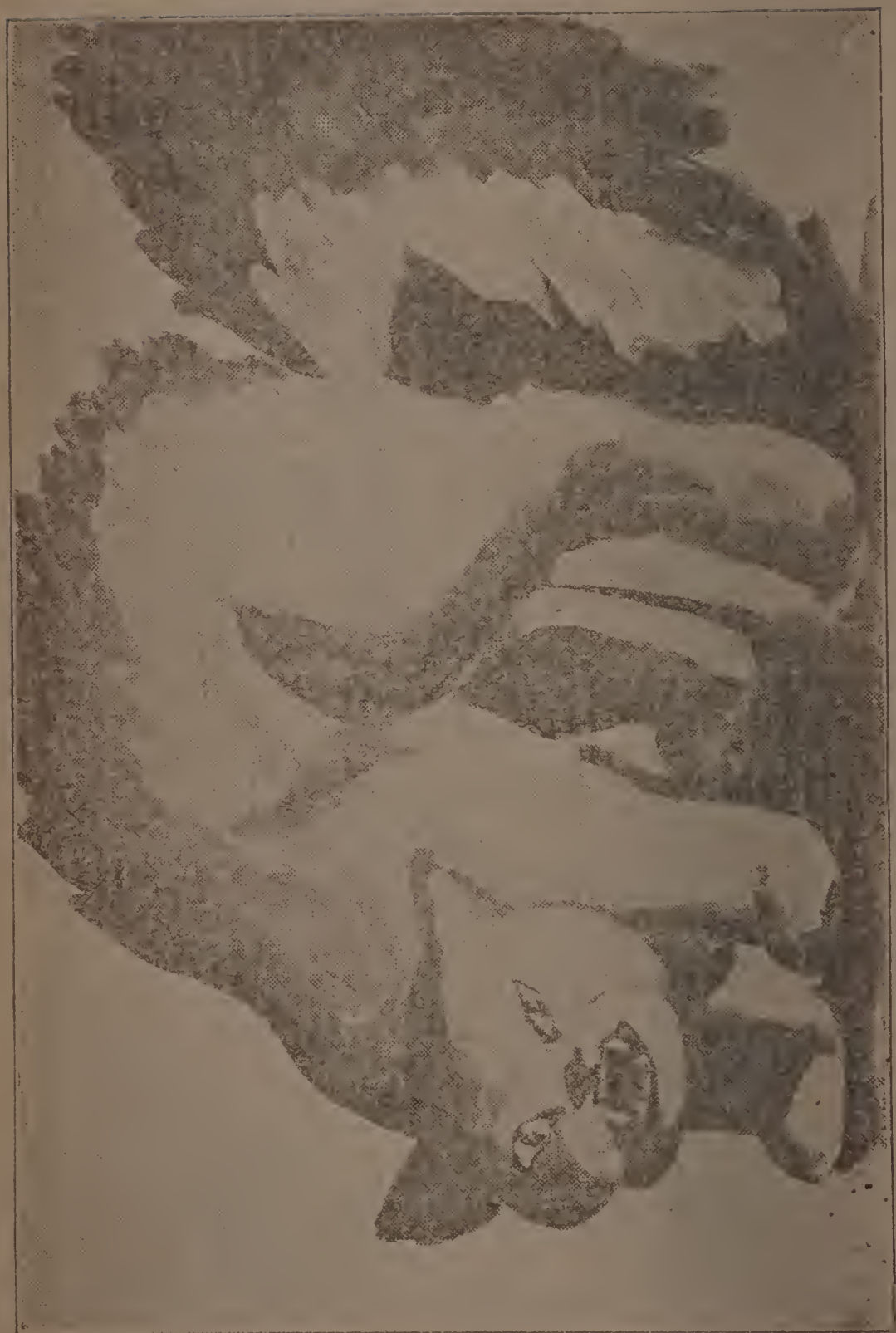
The man who fainted was the sweetheart.

The murderer had come with him to enquire about another man the sweetheart suspected of the crime.

A year or so afterwards I read an account of the hanging of the "sweetheart."

[The jury had convicted the sweetheart on circumstantial evidence. This poor man told of what took place in the palmist parlors, how his *friend* had admitted the murder—etc., but the jury smiled and thought it "a cooked-up" story.]

A. HARD
= LUCK
HUS =
BAND



“P-T-ISS-S-S——”

A HARD LUCK HUSBAND.

One morning in October a lady called while I was having breakfast, and the maid said, You had better try and quiet her as soon as you can, for she is in an awful state.

I heard the long-drawn-out sobs; but I thought she would soon pull herself together; but as she continued, my appetite decreased and I made a gentle move toward the parlor.

I found a woman nicely dressed, about 43 years of age, and of all the

hysterical ladies I had ever seen she certainly took the palm.

I said, "Madam, I am a wonder. Stop that crying immediately. I am going to straighten your wishes in about three minutes!"

She hushed up, wiped her eyes, and said: "Professor, just look at that!" and handed me a letter, and added, "the brute!"

The letter read:

"Unless you send me \$500, I will expose all to your husband!"

Signed, K.—Egyptian Palmist.

"Madam" I said, "This is a pure case of blackmail, and the man is an

idiot. He does not intend to do anything of the kind.

“But tell me what kind of an arrangement did you have with this fakir?”

“Well, you see it was like this: I am very much in love with my physician.

“My husband is a good man, but I don’t love him any more. So I went to this fortune-teller and asked him what he could do for me. He said he would begin work immediately if I would pay him a deposit of \$250.00, which I did.

“Then he told me he would have to be very careful and cast the spell

slowly, or it might look suspicious to the neighbors, and some of the friends of my husband. But he would take the case if I paid him \$5 a week as long as my husband lived and give him \$500 when my husband died—and my husband is still alive, and he wants the money, the nasty old thing!”

“Well,” I said, “you give me the letter and I will burn it at 12 to-night, and I guarantee you will never hear any more of it!”

A month after I saw the lady on the street with two gentlemen, and she left them and rushed up to me and nearly shook my hand off, and said,

"I'm just too happy for anything. You see those two gentlemen I'm



"Well, the sick one is my husband."

with? Well the sick one is my husband, and the strong one is my physician—the old love! and he is doctoring my husband, and he says my husband won't live long. "Good-bye!"



He would have to be very careful and cast the spell slowly.

AN
IRIS
COUNTY





THE "OOGLE-BOOGLE!"

AN IRISH COUNT.

Becoming somewhat uneasy in New York I thought a short trip to Chicago, might do me good, which I took, opening at one of the swell hotels and sending out my invitations to the society people.

Among my numerous callers was a distinguished looking Irishman, fluent in speech to the last degree, and very witty.

He told me he was running short of money, and would soon have to take

up some kind of profession, as his family had cut off his income.

Naturally I suggested that he take up palmistry, telling him his appearance was good and his command of language stock-in-trade.

He paid me for twenty lessons.

After I had finished the eighth he looked at me and said:

“Professor, I know too much already! I am going to New York!”

I shook his hand, and wished him luck!

A month afterwards I returned to the metropolis, and as I walked up Broadway I saw the windows filled

with elegant printing announcing that Count ——— had arrived in New York and was administering advice to the suffering, love-lorn, etc., at his magnificent parlors — Broadway.

On studying the face I recognized my old pupil—the Irishman—with a short Van Dyke beard—which of course, as everyone knows, made him a Count.

A short time afterwards the papers were filled with the financiering of the Count, and how he had left for parts unknown.

It seems a young woman of 23 had come for a reading.

The Count grasped her hand and discovered wealth immediately.

He said: "Have you got any money you can get hold of at once? if so bring it to me as quickly as you can—I can invest it and make you rich in two days!"

The young woman jumped into a carriage, got \$22,000, returned and gave it to the Count.

The next morning the Count was gone, and so was the money.

Six months afterwards I was in London. My wife and I were in Euston Station waiting for a train, when our attention was attracted to two police-

men leading a prisoner. I looked, rubbed my eyes, and said that certain-



"That certainly is the Count."

ly is the Count. I wonder where he is taking the policemen?

Through the use of a little American diplomacy and English sover-

eigns, I found out that the Count had gone to Monte Carlo, lost his money, and had to resort to quick resources to get more.

He had a cover made with his initials elaborately embroidered.

His method was to walk up to a fine looking grip, drop the cover over it and walk away.

A man could see his own grip walking and never recognize it!

I got the Count out of his scrape and the last time I saw him he was bound for Ireland.

IN LOVE
WITH THE
SWEET
ONE
MY
UNCLE.



THE WORM OF CONTENTION.

IN LOVE WITH THE SWEET ONE—MY UNCLE.

One muggy afternoon while looking out of the window my attention was called to a carriage coming down the street at an unusual pace—and my surprise was great when the driver pulled up with a snap in front of my gate, and the footman opened the door for a gorgeously dressed young woman of about 30 years.

I immediately retired to my private room, for it was a custom of mine to

keep clients waiting—the more money they had, according to my judgment—the longer they waited.

To me this woman looked wealthy. Every now and then I could hear the rustle of silk skirts and a few hurried impatient remarks to her companion.

Finally I shoved the folding doors and stood between them, and eyed my rich visitor.

She came bounding over and said:

“I have been waiting here fully three hours, and I am nearly dead,” and without waiting for an answer continued: “Do you suppose my hus-

band knows I have been intimate with my uncle for the last twelve years?"

This question rather staggered me for a second or two, and I was going to laugh in her face, but I bit my lip, and turned down the gas, which gave me an opportunity of turning my head, and then I answered: "No, I don't think he does! Come in, Madam."

She sat down, placed both of her hands in front of me and said: "What do you see? Tell me everything; keep nothing back; tell me the worst."

She kept right on talking, and I had

absolutely no chance, and this is her story:

“You know my uncle is very wealthy, and I am his favorite niece. Well, as a little girl he would not let me out of his sight, so I virtually lived at his home.

“My mother was very fond of society, and seemed to pay little attention to my absence. In fact, I rather think she liked the arrangement. However, I had been away nearly a month when my uncle, the dear one, came home one evening and took me on his knee, kissed me very affectionately and said:

My child, your mamma has run away with another man to Europe and left your papa. Now, what do you think of that? But never mind, I am going to take care of you and you are going to be all mine!

“I didn’t seem to care a bit; in fact, I thought it rather jolly.

“Well you see, as I got a little older my uncle said he would have to find me a husband, and find him quick, or there would be a great deal of talk among his acquaintances—and he might lose his place in society.

“Well, however, in a week or two after that a nice looking gentleman

was introduced to me and my uncle said:

‘How do you think you will like her?’

“He did not answer, but he seemed to like me immediately, and uncle said he thought we had better have a quiet marriage.

“It all seemed very strange to me, but I loved my uncle, and I thought he knew best, so we had a ‘quiet marriage.’ And uncle said we could live with him, as he could not bear the thought of having me out of his sight.

“He is a dear soul!

“Then you see I had a child, a dear

little girl, eight months after I was married—and my husband is very jealous, for he says it looks like uncle.



“He says it looks like uncle.”

“Now I want to know if you think he knows that I love my uncle?”

“Well, Madam,” I answered, “I am

a palmist, but not a mind-reader at a distance, but your hand shows you are going to have trouble with a husband!"

She paid me \$10 for the information, and departed with a puzzled expression.

Shortly afterwards I read an account of a young married woman running away with her uncle.

SO
THEY
DID!



"'TIS A BOGIE."

SO THEY DID!

On one of those fall afternoons when all nature seems to conspire to bring about a perfect hour, four young people entered, their faces bearing expressions somewhat inimical.

As I made it a point never to receive but one at a time, I was easily the master of the situation.

The peculiarity of human nature is that if the surroundings are quiet, odors pleasant, and lights tranquil, secrets are unconsciously divulged.

The delvers in the mysterious are usually aware of these conditions, and practice them on the unsophisticated.

My first client (it took some minutes for the four to make up their minds, with "You go first! No! You go first," etc.) was a narrow-faced individual, about 25 years of age, with great self-possession—a graduate of Yale, with an obese bank account, and in a very independent manner stated he did not believe in palmistry, astrology, or character reading. In fact, he was a thorough skeptic from every point of view.

"Glad to hear it!" said I, "You have

simply called to give me your money, is that the idea? Ten dollars, in advance, please!"

And out came the "ten-spot."

"Well," I said, "you must be convinced to that extent?"

He answered, "What am I here for?"

"You are here to find out if it is possible to get a separation from your newly married wife, without the necessary grounds!"

His eyes stuck out, his chin dropped, and I knew he was convinced of something.

He finally recovered himself, took

on a half-natural expression, and said:
“Some one told you that!”

I said, “Yes! your own guilty conscience!”

This had the desired effect—for he seemed to suspect that I knew the greater part of his profligate life—and he said: “If you will find an excuse that will answer for a separation, I will give you \$5,000.

“I want to marry my friend’s wife! He is now on the outside. Is it a go?”

I said: “Call in forty-eight hours.”

He walked out and waited for the others.

No. 2 was a lady, the wife of the first client.

She said, "I know you can help me, I see it in your face. You are so kind. Won't you?"

"Well, that is a great box of salve," said I. "Possibly if you keep it up I will give you the earth! What do you want, a divorce from your husband?"

"How did you guess that? You are just lovely! I could squeeze you for that!"

"I have no objections!" said I, "you're the one that's holding back. I'm willing."

She certainly became confidential!

“Well,” she continued, when she had caught her breath, “you see I married before I really knew what I do now, and I am sure my husband never suspects me for a minute, but I really love his friend, he is such a dear boy—but the sweet old bunch is married. I think his wife is just horrible, don’t you?”

“I think most people are,” said I, “but don’t tell her, for the husband is going to give me \$10 for her fortune!”

“No,” said she, “you won’t charge her husband \$10. If you do, I will

ask him to borrow it from my husband!"

"Well, you had better whisper to him" said I, "for I need the money!"

"Well, I will" said she, "if you will promise to give me a separation. I don't care how you do it, but I want it, will you promise me?"

I said, "Call in forty-eight hours," and then I let her out in the main parlor and called for the next subject.

This was a lady.

She was nervous and pale, but she had ideas!

And the moment I closed the door she became my everlasting friend.

She said, "You see I am the wife of the gentleman that has not yet come in, and I don't like him a little bit.

"Don't you think the other gentleman is lovely?"

"That all depends on how much he has got in his pocket!" said I.

"Well, any way, I think he is, and I want you to see that I get him, even if you get away with my real husband."

This seemed so easy and plausible, I agreed and told her to call in forty-eight hours.

The last one to come in I felt sorry

for; all I had to do was to count his money—and he had it in bunches.



The two friends exchanged wives.

I told him to wait for forty-eight hours and everything would be all right, that I would cast a spell over his friend, and he could have his wife.

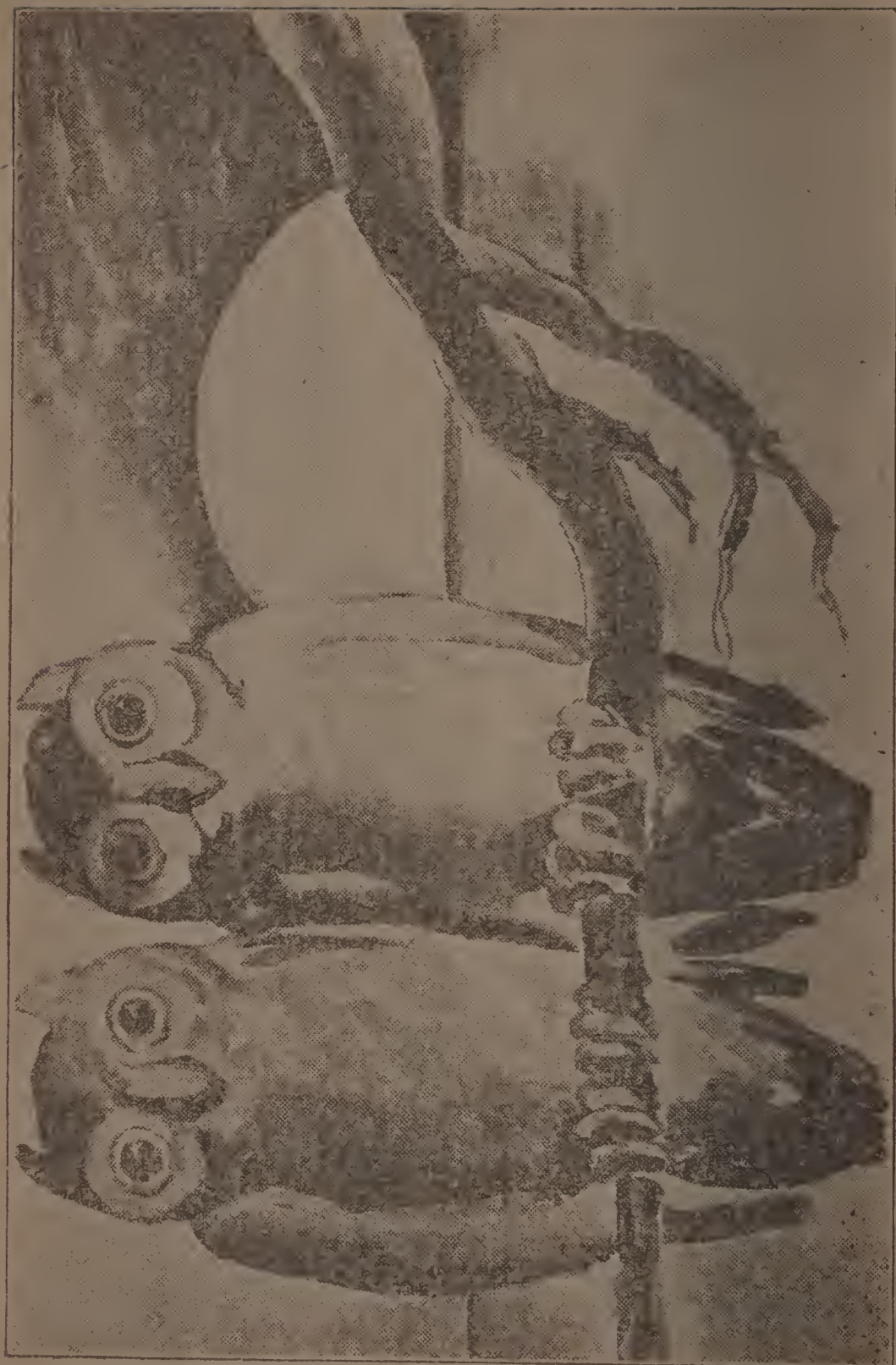
In forty-eight hours the party returned.

I called the three first ones in, one at a time, and told them I had cast a spell and it was successful.

The two friends exchanged wives and walked away, and I have not heard from them since.

THE
PASSING
JOHN. T.
UNDER-
WOOD!

“i OOH-S.OOH”



THE PASSING OF JOHN T. UNDERWOOD.

Through the inadvertence of the police and the building inspectors, I was forced to leave my old stand and I took up a new abode on Broadway and Times Square and immediately fitted up my "Life Reading Parlors" and draped them with Oriental hangings—Persian Rugs, Hindoo and Persian Bric-a-brac, skulls with green lights in the eyes, burning incense, Egyptian lanterns with lights trim-

med low, etc., and as for myself I naturally conformed to the surroundings. My robe was rich, covered with mystic signs of the Zodiac, and the artistic colored turban blended with my make-up, which I was extremely careful about. My moustache, goatee and hair was barbered to the minute, and my eyes, dark by nature, were heavily made up.

I looked 6 feet 2 inches, and to make the comparison more striking I employed a small Hindoo servant to wait on the door and salaam profusely.

Expérience had taught me to impress people at sight.

The servant was trained to open the door with cold indifference, walk up to me, salaam, and exit.

After one of these rehearsals, I ha-ha'd and said:

“What a laugh this life is!

“And the ambition of people! Amazing!

“Not one in a million knows anything!

“And knaves! The world is crooked!

“It doesn't even revolve in a circle!

“We’re nearer the sun in the winter than in the summer!

“The rays slant obliquely.

“All things on earth wobble as they walk.

“Don’t even walk straight—always fall!

“Why should we think straight?

“Why shouldn’t we fall?

“We don’t know whether we’re going or coming!

“We never know our luck until we die!

“We are all accidents!

“But there is a law back of accidents!

“But the human mind will never fathom that law!

“We are here and we can’t get away!

“What a laugh!

“We live by preying upon each other!

“Ignorance helps us out as much as wisdom!

“Idiots and philosophers meet the same doom—both die!

“Ah! the bell! I advise people, and take their coin!”

A society woman entered, the Hindoo salaamed, and the woman said:

“The Psychic?”

I bowed slightly, and she continued:

“It is needless for me to tell you I am an aristocrat.”

I glanced at her hand, saw a ring, and added: “And married!”

“Wonderful,” she said, “I suppose you see all! But I will explain! I am in love with my physician! My husband thinks I adore him. I adore my Doctor. (The eyes rolled back in the head). I am horribly worried. If my husband ever finds me out he will murder me! I want you to help me! Name your price! My father is wealthy!”

Madam, your case is simple," I said. "I will begin my incantations to-night at 12. Two thousand dollars, please!"

"My check," she answered.

I shook my head, and said: "The money!"

"But I have not that amount with me!" she answered.

"Get it," said I.

She handed me a thousand dollars and said she would give me the balance in two hours, and added:

"I want you to give me a potion to give my love so he will think of me—me alone!"

"Bring \$500.00 more," said I.

“Does it cost that much?” she questioned.

“It does if you want him to think of you alone!” was my reply.

“Very well! Will my husband be suspicious?”

“Not if you pay for another portion!”

“What—another?”

“Yes, madam! The ingredients I use are very expensive. They come from the Nile!”

“I should think they came from heaven,” said she.

“No! my influence does!”

“Or some other place,” she retorted.

“You’re looking for results?”

“Yes.”

“What does it matter?”

“Very well! you shall have the money inside of two hours—but I think you’re high!”

“Madam, the case is lofty!” and I let her out.

As I closed the door I meditated: Two thousand five hundred for that job. What a volcano of love that woman must have! The idea of wasting it on a doctor? It’s a disease! But she’ll be cured all right enough! I believe I could learn to love her myself.

There was a bell and the Hindoo ushered in an Irish servant girl.

“And a’r yez the fartune-teller, and its me own throubles I have—mountains av thim—and can you remove a few hills?”

“How much money have you?”

“An’ its not al’ that I have, ye’ll git—I have 25 cints—more ’n yer worth, ye spalpeen.”

Bridget gave me the money and continued. “Will you take thim al’ away?”

“If you pay me the 25 cents often enough!”

“May the Good Lord bless ye!—

but—yez don't deserve it," said Bridget, and she rushed out into the street, while I murmured:

"What a degenerate." Liable to do anything! A perverted Spaniard!" I looked at the 25c. piece again and continued: It's tainted, I'll give it to charity," and tossed it into a bowl I kept for the purpose.

The bell rang. The Hindoo opened the door and salaamed, and in came a client—Luella,—and questioned:

"Are you the Psychic?"

I bowed, and she continued:

"I adore psychics! I love the occult! Oh! that I could float away in

ethereal space, where eternal love abounds! Oh! to mingle with the



"My astral body is about to leave this material plane."

seraph forever more! Oh! the joy of it! I feel my nervous fibers closing! My astral body is about to leave this

material plane! Oh! I go! I swoon!" And she fell in a heap.

I threw water in her face and remarked: "That's what they all say! But I notice they all come back for advice after an application or two."

She finally opened her eyes, gazed wildly, and asked:

"You still here?"

"Still here," said I, "as long as there is anything doing! How much have you got?"

"Got?" said Lulela, "why what do you mean?"

"I mean when you take flights in this place you leave the material with

me! You can't spend it up above!"

"How shocking! Then you don't give psychic advice without money?" said Luella.

"Not so that you can notice it," I said.

Again she broke out. "I am in love with a poet! Oh! I adore poets! The most spiritual beings that God allows on this sphere! The one I love has such lustrous eyes! When he looks into mine with those liquid orbs, I feel my nervous fibers" —— and I reached for the pitcher and said: "What, again?"

“How you startled me! What do you mean?” she said.

“How much have you got,” said I.

“Does he love me?” she queried.

“He does if you put up for a position!”

“How strange! Do you supply positions?”

“For \$25.”

Luella handed me \$25, and asked, “Will he always love me?”

“He will if you continue to buy positions,” said I, as I bowed her out and received a new caller.

MADAM LUBENSTEIN.

“I want to do bizness. I want you to cast me a spell over mine place so de tief detective vont get all I got! You know I’m a respectable woman, ’Im an honest woman! I help out beoples fen da have someting worth someting dat day can’t trust odder tiefs yith! I gif a goot price and I sell cheap. I hav’ not much—money. I just make a living. ’Dis morning an Irish servant brought me a lot of diamonds and heirlooms, and said she was given

dem by a old gentleman. He vas murdered last night. I gif her \$6 for dem!—(rubbing her hands). If any-one comes to you to find dem—I gif you \$1,000 not to tell.” And she handed me the bills.

I put the money in my pocket, and said: “I never heard of them in my life!”

Madam Lubenstein patted me on the back and said: “Ve goot friends, —Eh?”

“As long as you have the long green!” said I.

“Vell, ve do bizness again maybe!” and she sidled out the door.

I reflected: "A lot of diamonds and heirlooms from an Irish servant. 'A goot brice, \$6.' Old gentleman murdered last night,—\$1,000 to forget it! Why, the idea of me remembering such a thing!"

The bell rang and in came the society woman in mourning and said: "My father was murdered last night. A large quantity of bonds was taken from his private safe. Can you give me any information?"

"How much have you got," said I.

"Sir!"

"Five hundred, please! I will be-

gin my incantations at midnight, madam!"

She handed me the money, adding: "And don't forget my dear doctor! I want him to love me—and me alone!" and left.

I looked at the money and said: "There must have been a killing!"

The Hindoo salaamed and a client followed on his heels with: "I'm a doctor. I'm tired of my wife, and I want to rid myself of the attentions of a society woman, whose father was murdered last night. I am in love with a sweet creature whose adventure of the past received some notoriety;

but she is repentant. Can you aid me?"

"How much have you got?" said I.

"Are your fees exorbitant, Professor?"

"About the same as yours!" was my reply.

He handed me a thousand, and said:

"It's a severe case!"

"Yes!" said I. "I make a specialty of heart disease.—I'll probably pull some of you through!" and I let him out and met a client that immediately introduced herself as

“BLOND VIOLA”

with “Say, old boy! ‘I’m a good fellow, and I need your help, and I’ll split up with you! I’m on friendly terms with a doctor who is daffy about me! and there is a society gent, that thinks I’m ‘It.’ He is married, but he don’t care for his wife! I can’t see him!—but he’s got the coin! and he’s a spender! Are you in with me on this?’”

“How much have you got?” said I.

“Well,” she continued, “the two

mugs gave me a couple of thousand yesterday for pin money! But I want you to give me a potion so they will empty their pocketbooks—see? Turn over real estate—see?”

“This is simple! Give me a thousand!”—and I looked wise.

“There you are!” she said, handing out the bills, “you’re all right.”

“Right as anyone,” I answered, as I let her out, closed the door, and said to myself: “There you are—a tender-hearted soul!—Liberal, too! But she has a funny philosophy. A doctor and a society man daffy over her! They must be daffy!”

The Hindoo answered the door, did his usual, and a thin, hungry-looking specimen entered, rolled up his eyes, brushed back his hair and in a fervent spasm said:

‘I long for an opportunity
To mingle in this community,
Where loving hearts are always true
Like honey-flowers all wet with
dew!’

“How much have you got?” said I.

The poet continued:

“You speak of wealth, along with
love?

Wealth is of earth—Love of above!”

“I’m glad you’ve got that out of

your circulation, but that currency don't go here," said I,—“Now let's get together!”



“I speak of birds and beasts and things, and hear the buzzing of their wings.”

“I speak of birds and bats and things
And hear the buzzing of their wings!”

“Yes! you’ll fly, if you don’t get out your coin!” said I.

“I smell the perfume of the flowers,
And hearken to the listless bowers
And soar away on zephyrs mild
With spirit sweet that hath beguiled!”

“You’ll blow all right—if you haven’t something to blow,” said I to myself.

But he continued:

“A psychic maiden—fair of form
Has touched my heart and keeps it
warm!”

“She’s hot stuff. How much have you got?” I questioned.

"I think not of wealth, or pelf or gain
I think of love—it doth maintain."

"Not for mine!" and I took him by the hand and lead him to the door, adding: "You are a strange flower, I would like to pluck thee—but I think thou hast dropt thy petals!"

Shortly after he left a society gentleman entered and asked, "You are the mystic?"

I bowed, and he continued:

"I have a love affair!"

"I know you have!" said I.

"How strange!" and he continued:
"Now, this girl is a 'good fellow,' you know—'chic'—appeals to a man of

society — is — natural — you know! Good company—I'm married, but I'd like a potion to give to this girl so she'll think of me occasionally—ha! ha! You understand?"

"One thousand dollars, please!" and I looked him square in the eye.

He staggered, and asked: "Isn't that a trifle high?"

"Not to be thought much of!" was my reply.

He payed the money, and received a potion, and asked, "Will this work?"

"If it doesn't, try another," said I. as I let him out.

Shortly in came the sandwich man—my walking advertisement and I said: “Right in there, Sandy”—pointing to a door on the side—and Sandy made his exit.

I meditated: “Funny looking ‘guy!’ Unlucky!”

The door had barely closed on Sandy when in came a detective and said: “I’m on this murder case—the old gentleman that was killed here the other day—father of a society woman, you know, and have found \$100,000 of diamonds and heirlooms over at Madam Lubenstein’s—bought of an Irish servant for \$6. This servant is

Sandy's sweetheart, and I think Sandy did the job!"

I looked at him without moving a hair, and he continued:

"I saw Sandy come in here a minute ago and I'm going to blow and take him along—and, say! I want you to give me some advice."

"How much have you got?" said I.

"I'll divvy all right," said he, "but I want you to throw a spell over these cops—they've been tapping me for everything I have made lately. Madam Lubenstein gave me a wad, but I had to give it up; but I'm going to 'touch' her for more."

"Five hundred, please," was my reply, "I begin my incantations to-night at 12."

"Well, there you are! And he threw the money, stepped to the door and blew the whistle. The cops came in, brought Sandy out, and sprung the old gag: 'In the name of the law you are placed under arrest, accused of the murder of John T. Underwood, which took place on Friday night, March 6th, at his residence on Madison Avenue, New York City.'"

Sandy broke down and said, "I killed him and robbed him!"

Sandy, the detective, and one cop

passed out. The other cop, lingering behind, said: "Say, I've got a job for you!"

"How much have you got?" said I.

"Well, that gum-shoe detective that just went out has been getting all kinds of boodle of Madam Lubenstein—and he's a bad boy—he don't give the right bit!"

"Five hundred, please, I'll begin my incantations at 12!" and I bit my lip.

And the cop replied: "Here's the coin; do 'em good!"

Inside of five minutes a couple was ushered in who proved to be Viola and

her sweetheart, and I overheard the following conversation from an adjoining room:

“You know that guy I tapped in the ‘cocoa’ the other week and touched for these? (showing diamonds) Well, I saw him on the street to-day with his head in a sling. He’s out of the hospital all right. Glad it wasn’t serious! Look good, don’t they?” (flashing them on his hand).

Viola answered: “Maybe we’re not on Easy Street, eh? The Doc’s wife was buried the other day—no suspicion. He confessed to me that he gave her the ‘dope.’ And I pulled

his leg for all the change he had in three banks. I told him if he didn't give up I'd squeal. And that society gent has deeded over his real estate. I'm through with him. So we're happy, you old darling." (Here I saw a hug.)

"That's right, Viola," said the sweetheart-thief, "but we'll have to fix his 'nobs' "—meaning me. About this time I thought I had better come out.

"Well! we've come around to do the right thing!" said Viola.

"How much have you got?" I asked.

"Well! I can give you \$10,000!"

"Double it!" And I looked insulted.

"Say, you're not taking chances!" And she began counting large bills.

"Wise people never do," I answered.

Viola and the thief left with "good-bye, good-bye! When we get up against it again we'll be around."

I stepped out to get a paper and when I returned I found the Psychic Luella, who greeted me with:

"Here I am, impelled by some weird force. I loved my poet, but all at once my blood became cold, my

eyes dilated, I saw the world a fluid mass of horrifying events, antagonistic elements, fleeting emotions—a boiling, seething mess of corruption—falsified, and falsifying! The chilled electro-nerve fluid emanating from my emaciated frame broke the heart of my poet—and I watched his burial without a tear!”

I unfolded the paper I held in my hand, and my eyes fell on the following article:

“Mr. Rathborn, society gentleman, ruined. His wife died from poison administered by a doctor whom Mr. Rathborn was jealous of. Mrs. Rath-

born, evidently knowing she was going to die, wrote the following letter, which was found by the coroner:

“ ‘I murdered my father for the ready money he had in his private safe, and gave the jewels to the servant, to throw off all suspicion on me. I squandered and gave the money to the man I loved. I know he has poisoned me, as he loves another woman. Sandy and Bridget were given a hurried trial and received the penalty. They were both innocent. I can’t imagine why Sandy said he killed my father!’ ”

The shock of this article revived my memory!



"I dreamed I hypnotized poor Sandy."

"I had a dream—curious the workings of the human mind. I dreamed I hypnotized this poor Sandy, and

made him confess to a crime he never committed. When I awoke from the dream I was worried. The poor man's mind absorbed my dreamy thoughts. —Thus do we, while we sleep, control those we know not of!"

I took Luella's hand and sadly remarked:

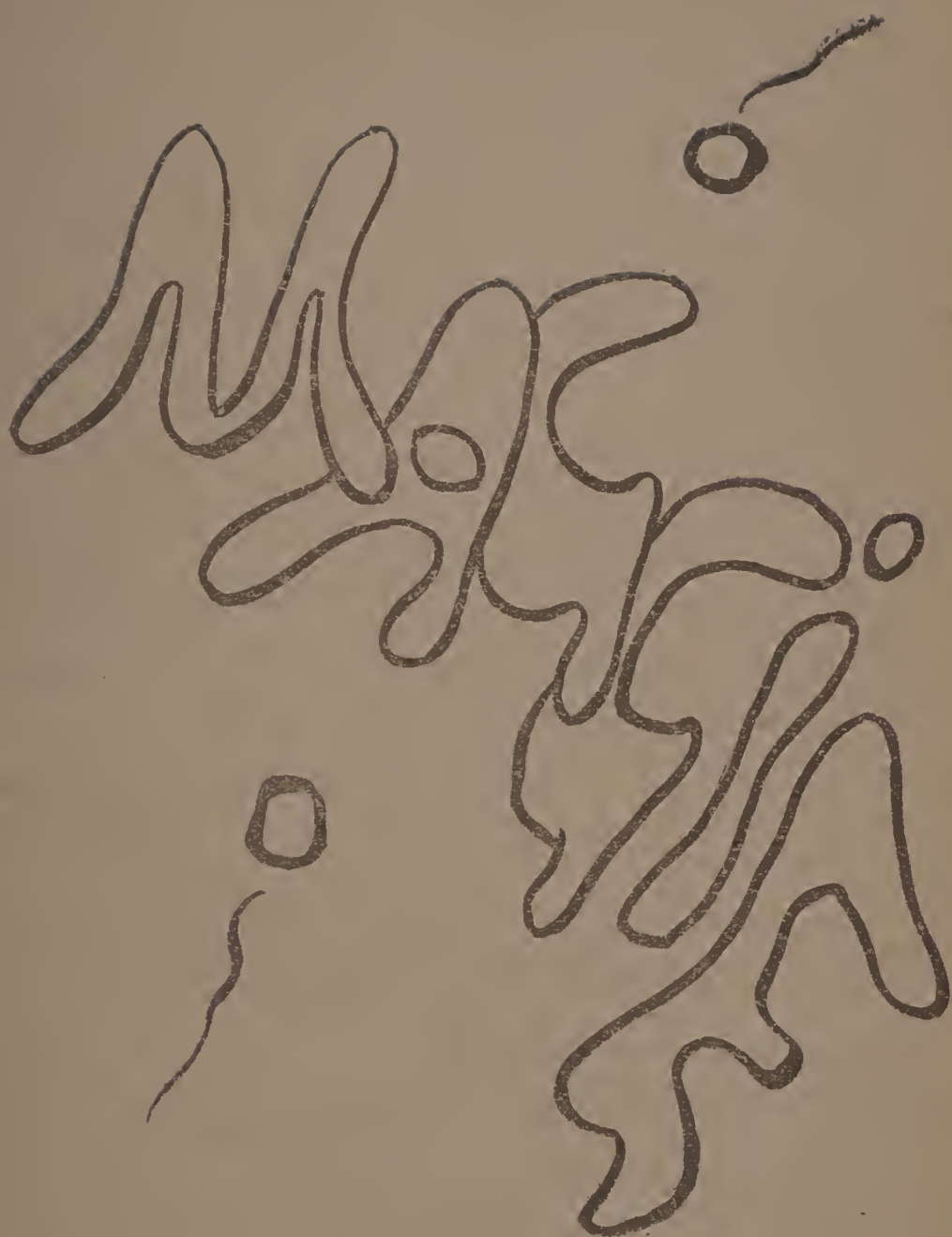
"And thus I see throughout these vast antagonisms the Eternal plan. Like must gravitate to like!"

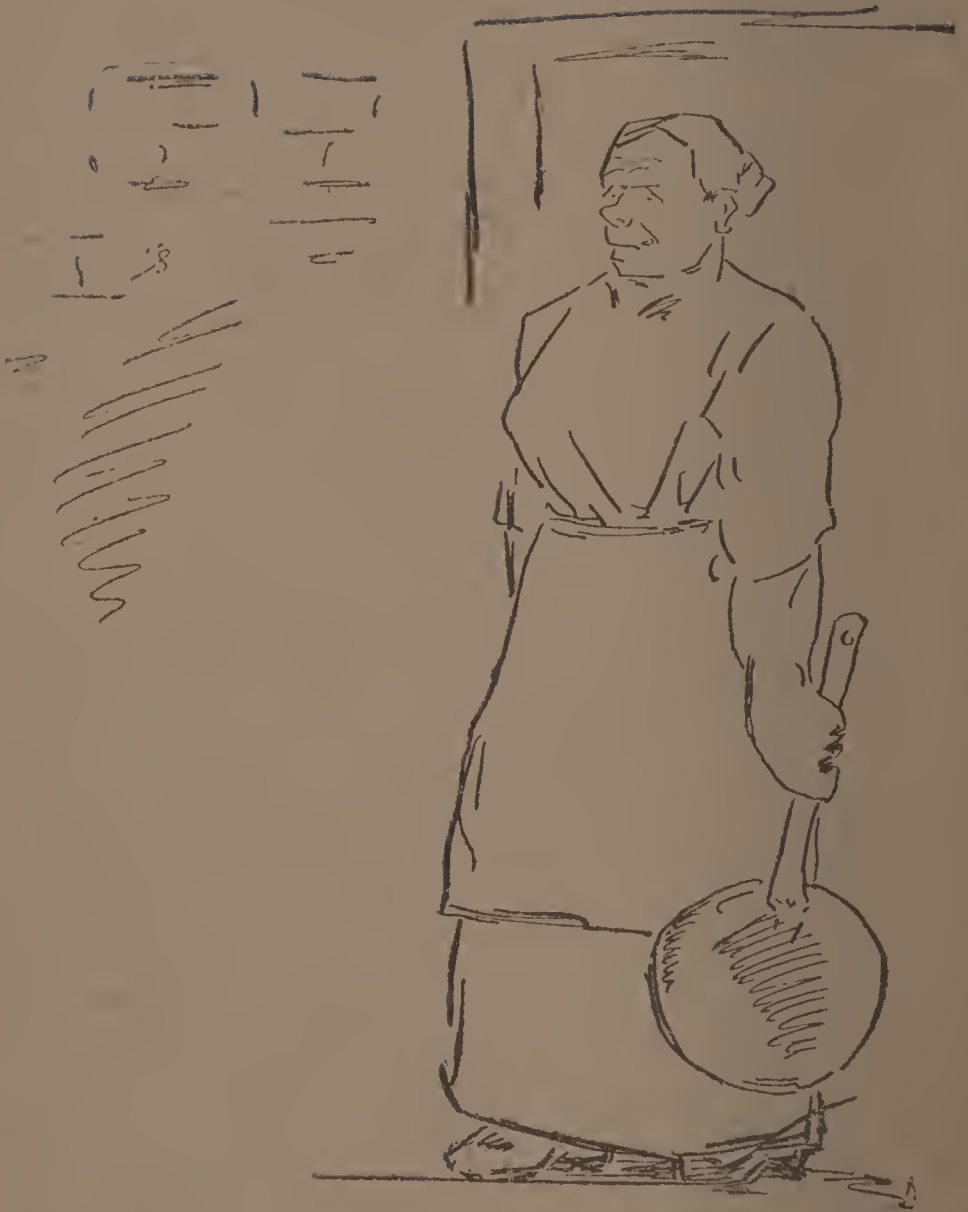


"VAMPIRES ALL!"



Mrs. McGinnis got the coin and McGinnis kept the whisky --- longer than was expected.





WAITING FOR MCGINNIS. "I LOVE HIS
IRISH WAYS."

“MAGGIE.”

Some fifteen years ago, the sun was shining brightly over The Emerald Isle, and a ray struck Dublin, the home of a well-to-do Irish couple with the good old name of McPartland. True to the Irish song, they had “children, yes, a plenty!” The family was as happy as could be found in any land without home rule, until the spectre death visited the McPartlands and took away the father.

The children scattered, and sought

their livelihood in other counties and the mother left with only one daughter, Maggie, about 14 years old, married again—this time to a McGinnis. This individual was thrifty, strict, and quick-tempered.

Maggie could not see him with a telescope from any point of view and told her mother so.

The mother insisted she loved his Irish ways.

Maggie began developing ideas. She had heard of America, read some about it, and dreamed a little on her own. She really made up her mind she would trod the sod of America if



MAGGIE NEARING QUEENSTOWN.

she had to swim—but while she was thinking of the deep blue sea, a chill ran up her spine, and she received another idea from God knows where.

McGinnis, the step-father, had gone to town with some cattle!

Maggie figured it out that he would sell the same—return with money, and he would also give this to her mother for safe keeping. By this time Maggie had developed ideas that would put a band of bandits to shame.

She took an oath she would have that money if it took her left leg.

She was silent, but gloated inwardly.

McGinnis returned that night loaded with coin and whiskey.

Mrs. McGinnis got the coin and McGinnis kept the whiskey—longer than was expected.

Maggie's eye was filled with determination. She instinctively felt this was her chance to see America—the Land of the Free!

She was brave, and watched her mother put the money in a safe place—and retire for the night.

Mrs. McGinnis was sound asleep in a few minutes, and as for McGinnis, he was snoring to beat the band,

with a stretch of not less than ten hours ahead of him.

Maggie had made a bundle of her clothes, and reached for the bag of money Mrs. McGinnis had not intended to loan.

Maggie struck the highway and followed her nose until 6 o'clock in the morning, when she arrived at Queens-town. Boats were leaving for America that morning at 9 o'clock and Maggie took the first one she came to. She had little trouble in getting by, as she had money—a circulating medium in any part of the world.

Two hours after the boat started,



McGINNIS RETURNS HOME LOADED WITH
COIN AND BOOZE.—

Maggie didn't much care whether she ever got to America or not—sea-sickness had reached every part of her anatomy and she was wondering which part would give way first.

However, as the boat rolled, so did the days, and one fine morning Maggie arrived in Boston, and began looking around for employment.

The trip had been a rough one, and the excitement of a new country had a bad effect on her constitution. She kept up a few days, but finally took to her bed. The people with whom she was staying called in a doctor, and he advised, after feeling of her pulse

and taking her temperature, "the hospital!"

Poor Maggie! She had typhoid fever!

The hospital, which as every one knows, is next to the morgue, put several ideas into Maggie's head, and she determined to get well as soon as possible.

She lingered a few weeks, and at last was pronounced well enough to leave the place, and was directed to The Young Woman's Home, where the matron took a great interest in her, owing to her wit and good looks. This motherly old soul got her a position



MAGGIE: "OH, BUT I'M SICK."

with a reputable family that treated her with kindness and did everything in their power to develop her mind and teach her everything about a home.

She was nearing sweet sixteen and was a rosy-cheeked apple of "Old Erin," and naturally attractive.

About this time, a young photographer and surveyor, Haden Seymour, came into this family to board. He had opened up a place and was doing a good business for a beginner, and was a clever fellow outside of picture-making and surveying. The education he had received along these lines

must have been thorough, for he detected a ravishing beauty in Maggie, and immediately invited her over for pictures. She posed, and posed, and posed, and posed, but still this young artist could see new points develop in this extraordinarily fine subject. At last he became so infatuated with this model, he proposed marriage. Maggie was of the same opinion herself, and things seemed very satisfactory, when all at once something came up regarding a photo where they scarcely agreed—and a lover's quarrel was on. Haden was stubborn and Maggie said she was Irish to the back-bone, and as

thick as any pete in "Old Ireland," and would not "budge" for the world.

Haden sold his photo-studio, put the money in his pocket, slung his surveying kit on his shoulder and struck out for the depot, and before Maggie knew what had happened, he was on his way to Denver.

Maggie was sad, bewildered, and a few weeks after became dejected. The old people tried to cheer her, but to no purpose.

Haden's room was rented the next week after his departure for the west to an engineer, Jack Blaisdell.

Jack was a judge of beauty also,

and, along with an æsthetic eye, had a well-oiled tongue—which he used to advantage in soothing the feelings of Maggie.

At last Maggie cheered up to a degree, and accepted the hand of Jack—not that she cared for him in the least, but as a revenge—for she expected Haden would return.

Jack and Maggie were married and left for Connecticut, settling on the banks of the river, near the factory of a prosperous burg.

Maggie was employed by the superintendent to look after his mail and Jack worked in the engine room.

For the first few months, everything seemed to run on smoothly enough, and a little bank account was started.

Prosperity is a funny thing!

Many can't stand it!

The prosperous continually walk on thorns.

Jack was no exception!

He was also impressionable!

His conduct seemed to change as soon as he got a little money—at least some of the women remarked.

Maggie didn't notice it with the rapidity some of the other women did, but was "put wise" that Jack was

flirting with another girl at the factory.

At first she couldn't believe it, but was convinced one evening when some of her lady friends took her down the road and showed her a loving couple under a weeping willow.

She accused Jack of infidelity, but he remarked she was a little girl chum he had known for years, and he was only cheering her up, as she was in hard luck.

The story sounded good to Maggie, but not plausible.

Two weeks later, Jack was missing, and so was the little "chum."



A LOVING COUPLE UNDER A WEEPING
WILLOW.

Maggie worked a few months longer, saving her money, and at last thought she would take a trip to New York.

On her way, she bought a paper to read the news, and at last wound up by carelessly looking over the "ads."

One in particular caught her eye—a clairvoyant, psychic astrologer with a marvelous power for detecting the whereabouts of anything, anybody and more especially for uniting the lovelorn.

Maggie, from that minute, developed a faith she had never recognized before. The one bright spot in New

York in so far as Maggie went was that clairvoyant - astrologer. She memorized the address immediately, and was once more thoroughly satisfied with her existence—for such is hope.

On her arrival in New York, she asked a policeman what car to take for the address of this astrologer.

He looked at her with pity, and said: "Yer crazy, I'll put ye on the car!" which he did, and told the conductor where to let her off.

In fifteen minutes the conductor stopped the car, pointed to a sign, and smiled.

Maggie got off! As she turned she saw a man board a car going in the opposite direction. She recognized this man as her husband. This convinced her the only man in New York worth noticing was the astrologer.

She came in, and I noted the agitated condition and instinctively coupled her with the gentleman, or individual, that had just left the place. After casting her horoscope, I told her about what she had passed through and she admitted the truth of my reading, and asked for the address of Jack Blaisdell—her husband.

I said he has evidently changed his

name for the address reads J. Hughes,
——— St., Brooklyn.

I told her I would help her out and find the “real cause,” and added, “Don’t worry! Call in a couple of days.”

I sent a detective over to the address, made up as a census taker, with badge and book, who found three people in the little flat—a woman, just up from confinement, a baby girl, and J. Hughes.

When Maggie called again, I informed her of the discovery and told her to send a small present for the baby, marked “Mrs. J. Hughes,” to be

delivered at just such a time, and also told her to be there a few minutes before made up with a blond wig and veil—a real book agent. The detective was with her.

When the time appointed came, the messenger arrived with the package and Mrs. “J. Hughes” signed and the female book agent and detective saw everything—even Mr. J. Hughes cuddling the baby.

Maggie had the evidence, and brought suit for divorce, and a short time after the hearing was granted a separation.

One day she dropped in to see me

and accidentally mentioned the name of Haden Seymour, and told me how they had quarreled, and he had settled in Denver.

I pricked up my ears at the name and ran over my lists, as I was doing a good mail order business.

To my surprise, I not only found the name, but a picture of himself he had sent me for a physiognomical reading.

I showed this to Maggie and she nearly fainted.

I wrote a strong letter to Mr. Haden Seymour, and told him I could reunite him to his true love.

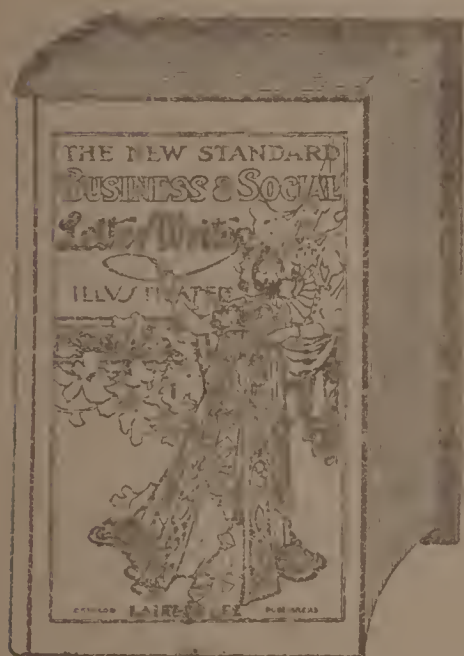
He sold out his business in Denver, came to New York and married

are happy in their belief in
scopes.

the curtain falls on

THE CONFESSIONS OF A PALMIST.

THE NEW STANDARD BUSINESS AND SOCIAL LETTER-WRITER



The Recognized Authority

100,000 NOW IN USE

THE most complete practical compendium of correspondence and business forms ever published. Gives full instructions for writing, and specimens of business letters, legal forms, leases, deeds, wills, contracts.

Teaches How to Write Correctly

MODELS FOR

**REFINED LOVE LETTERS COVERING COURTSHIP
ENGAGEMENT, MARRIAGE**

Social Forms: Invitations, Acceptances, Regrets, Condolences

Family Letters for Parents, Guardians and Children

How to address the President and Cabinet Officials. Leading Synonyms

"Ought to have a prominent place in every school and seminary."
—*Chicago Inter-Ocean*.

"The cover is a real work of art and worthy of the unusually carefully prepared letterpress."—*St. Paul Globe*.

"It so fully covers the ground that whoever possesses and consults it when in doubt will be sure to have his letters in correct form on every occasion."—*Pittsburgh Times*.

Illustrated—Cloth, Special cover design, 75c. Boards, Cloth back, 50c.

Sent everywhere, or sent, postpaid, on receipt of price, by

LAIRD & LEE Publishers, 263-265 Wabash Ave., CHICAGO

KEEP A DIARY

And you may as well get the Best and Most Convenient
Diary when you buy one — that's



Size,
2 1/4 x 5 1/2 ins

LAIRD & LEE'S DIARY AND Time-Saver

ISSUED ANNUALLY, and always contains
New and Valuable Information



BESIDES blank Diary pages for each day of the year,
it contains a Calendar for the Current Year, Cash
Account pages, Memoranda pages, pages for Addresses,

13 FULL-PAGE MAPS

of the United States, Philippines, Cuba, Hawaii, Porto
Rico, Alaska, Panama Canal, China, etc., made expressly
for this book, and many pages of varied information which
are changed every year. **Fits the Vest-Pocket.**

Full leather, gold edges, gold
stamped title, **25C**

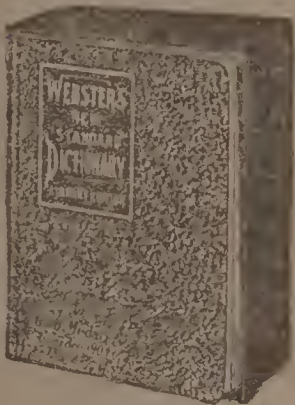
For sale on all Trains, at all Bookstores, or sent direct to any address in the world,
postpaid, on receipt of price, by

LAIRD & LEE, PUBLISHERS, **CHICAGO**
263-265 WABASH AVENUE,

Webster's New Standard DICTIONARIES

Awarded Gold Medal and Diploma, World's Exposition, St. Louis, 1904;
also Gold Medal awarded the series, Lewis and Clark Centennial
Exposition, Portland, Ore., 1905. Officially adopted for use
in Public Schools and other Educational Institutions.

LIBRARY EDITION



Size, 6x8 inches,
1 1/8 inches thick

Special Features — Degrees of adjectives, plurals of nouns; irregular verbs. Proper nouns indicated by capital initials. Hundreds of new words not found in other lexicons. Extensive etymologies, synonyms, etc.

Special Departments — Dictionaries of Biography, Geography, Botany, Biblical, Musical and Classical Names, Legal Terms, Medical Words and Symbols, Mythology, Latin, Greek, Persian, Hindu, Egyptian, Hebrew, and other Heroes; Foreign Phrases, English Word Building, Metric System, Proofreading.

Illustrations — 900 text engravings, many of them encyclopedic in character; thirty full-page plates drawn especially for this work, including *seven colored* plates. Comparisons of Sun and Star Spectra, the Primary Colors and their combination with scale; Flags of the Nations; Precious Stones and Ores; Map of U. S. development, and Principal Types of the Human Races. Special frontispiece.

Binding — Bound in full flexible leather, gold stamping, polished green edges, thumb indexed, 832 pages (in a box). **\$2.50**

HIGH SCHOOL AND COLLEGIATE EDITION

Special Features — The highest example of modern dictionary-making is represented by this beautiful lexicon. Hand composition, new plates. An original work. Only lexicon of its size containing so many special features, including present and past participles, irregular forms of verbs, plural of nouns, comparative and superlative degrees of adjectives; genders; proper nouns indicated by capital initials. Key to diacritical marks foot of each page. Copious Synonyms; extensive Etymologies. Contains all the special vocabularies and features of the Library Edition.

New Words — Hundreds of new words appearing now for the first time in a lexicon and new definitions applied to words in general use.

Illustrations — 900 special text engravings in direct connection with the words to be illustrated: 26 full-page plates, including six colored plates. Frontispiece in tint.

Binding — 832 pages, marbled edges, thumb-indexed, half leather, black silk cloth, special design, patented registered trade mark, with title in gold, **\$1.50**

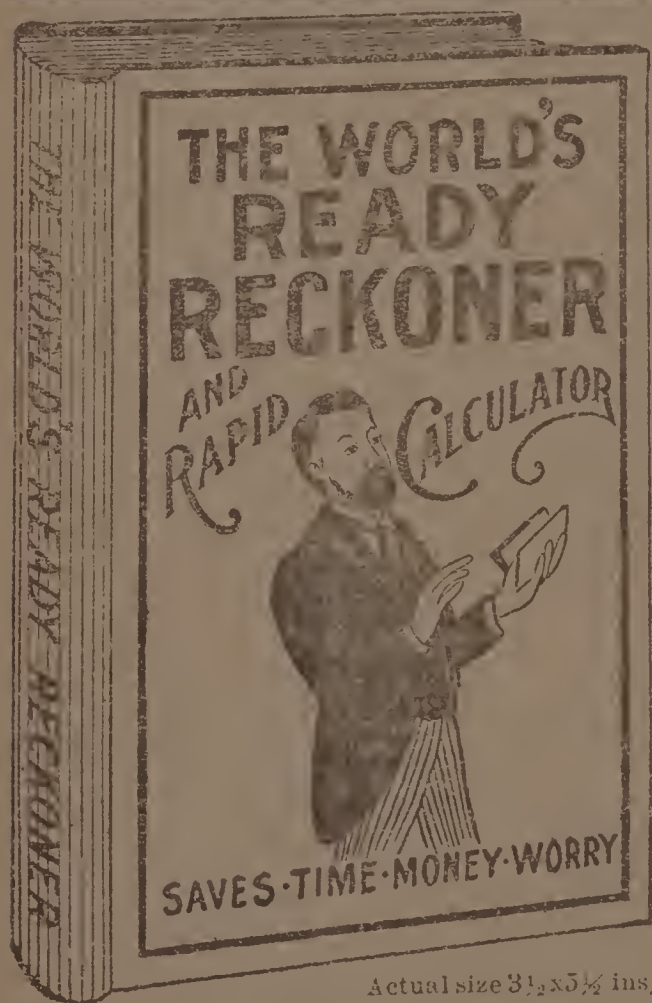
Laird & Lee, 263-265 Wabash Ave. Chicago, U. S. A.

THE

World's Ready Reckoner and Rapid Calculator

REVISED

320
PAGES



Actual size $3\frac{1}{2} \times 5\frac{1}{2}$ ins.

Interest Tables
Method of Reckon-
ing Interest
Wages and Board
Tables
Log, Plank and Lum-
ber Measurement
Tables
Business Forms
Table of Weights and
Measures
Value of Foreign
Coins

Et ctc.

Stiff cloth covers, red edges. . . . 25c

For sale everywhere, or sent by mail on receipt of price.

LAIRD & LEE, Publishers. CHICAGO, U. S. A.

YOUR UNCLE SAM

OWNS A GREAT NAVY

A very important adjunct of Government.—You and everybody must be interested in it



A Submarine Boat. — How "Secretive" in Warfare.

THE AMERICAN BATTLESHIP

AND LIFE IN THE NAVY

By FRANK MURDER, a Bluejacket

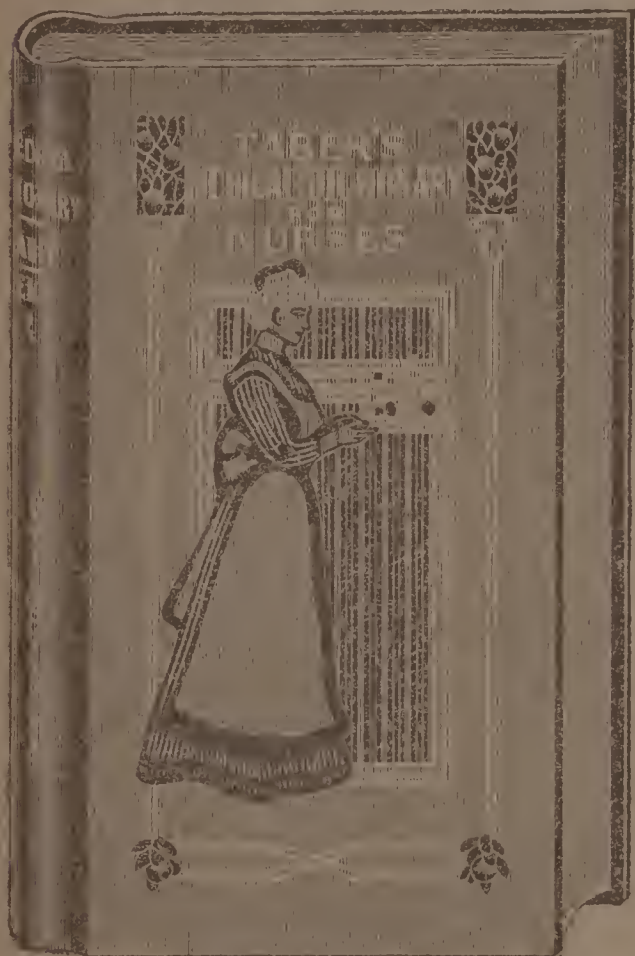
is the most authoritative and up-to-date readable book published on the subject. Also illustrated throughout by 40 full-page half-tones, including Men-of-War's "flagship" "Connecticut," and a blue-toned map showing the route of the cruise around the world by USS Oregon, April, 1907-1908.

EXTRA 50% CLOTH, GREEN TITLES, \$1.25

At all bookstores and newsstands. Send for a copy at price, by

LAIRD & LEE, Publishers, 100 N. Dearborn St., CHICAGO

THREE GREAT BOOKS



Size, $6\frac{1}{2} \times 3\frac{3}{4}$ inches.

Taber's Medical Dictionary for Nurses

By TABER AND SENN. Every Nurse should have a copy. It is the only work of the kind ever published in America. An epitome of Anatomy, Physiology, Toxicology Therapeutics, Nursing, Operative Surgery, and kindred subjects, Diagnosis, How to Make Examinations, Electro-medical Terms, Massage and hundreds of valuable tabulations. Cross-indexed. 384 pages. Silk cloth, cover stamped in colors, marbled edges, \$1.00

Taber's Family Medical Cyclopedia

By TABER AND SENN. Not a family doctor book but a digest of medical science in dictionary form for the general public. Gives all Important Diseases, how to detect them from their symptoms, various forms, Prognosis, Diet. Physiology, Anatomy, Poisons, Antidotes and Emergencies. Nothing like it ever published before. 240 pages. Cloth, red edges, 75c.

FOR DOCTORS
NURSES
AND
THE FAMILY

Taber's Pocket Encyclopedic Medical Dictionary

By C. W. TABER AND DR. NICHOLAS SENN, the late famous surgeon. A new departure in medical dictionaries. All important subjects defined encyclopedically. From one to three pages given to vital topics. Anatomy, Physiology, Therapeutics, Dietetics, Hygiene, Operations and thousands of other subjects treated. Cross indexed. Illust. 418 pages. Flexible black leather, gold stamping, gilt edges, \$1.50

At all bookstores or sent post paid, on receipt of price, by

LAIRD & LEE, Publishers, 263-265 Wabash Ave., CHICAGO

HOYLE'S

Standard Games

— AND —

Bridge Whist, "500," Solo,
Fan Tan, Skat, Hearts, etc.



♣ RULES FOR PLAYING ALL ♣
♣ MODERN CARD GAMES ♣

WHIST, Euchre, Penochle, Forty-five, Loto, Sixty-six, Cassino, Vingt-un (21), Loo, Pedro Sancho, All Fours, Auction Pitch, California Jack, Speculation, Cribbage, Blind Hookey Brag, Poker, Matrimony, Quadrille, Piquet, Ecarte, Fan Tan, Bagatelle, Lottery, Boston, also

Billiards, Pool, Bowling, Dominoes, Checkers
Four-handed Checkers, Chess, Etc.

COMPLETE INDEX—ILLUSTRATED—349 PAGES

Paper cover, in colors, 25 cents

Board cover, cloth back. . . . 75 cents

At all bookstores and book supply houses, or sent postpaid, on receipt of price, by

LAIRD & LEE, PUBLISHERS, 263-265 WABASH AVE. CHICAGO



THE
Strenuous Career
ON
SHORT STEPS TO SUCCESS

By REV. MADISON C. PETERS

THE TRUST INVESTOR AND WRITER

Should be in the hands of every boy or young man. Will fascinate those who have already attained the pinnacle of success. Full of keen insight and famous examples; overflowing with common sense and strategy.

Covers All the Problems of Modern Life

Getting on the Right Track, The Country Boy or City-bred Man, Honesty, Backward Luck and Luck, Failures and Tragedies of Success, Poor Boys and Great Men, The Genius of Energy, and hundreds of other subjects.

Beautiful cloth cover. Appropriate design, \$1.25

At all book stores, or may be ordered on receipt of price, by

LAIRD & LEE, Publishers, 203-267
Washington Ave. CHICAGO

LETTERS TO A BUSINESS GIRL

BY FLORENCE W. SAUNDERS



Entertaining as Well as Instructive

a volume that will be read and treasured by thousands. Of especial interest to young women entering the business world, but equally interesting to those who have been "through the mill"—as the mother, who writes the "Letters" to her daughter, has been. Also contains many

VALUABLE LESSONS for OFFICE AND OTHER EMPLOYÉES

BEAUTIFULLY ILLUSTRATED

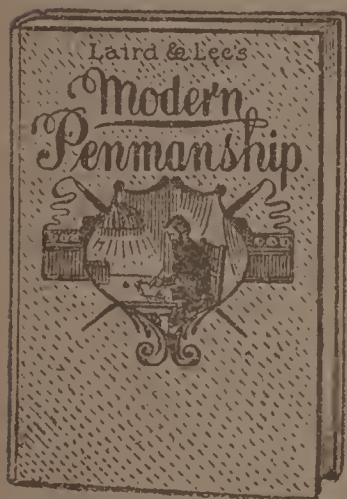
Extra cloth, ornamental cover design, \$1.25

At all bookstores and book supply houses, or sent postpaid, on receipt of price, by

LAIRD & LEE, PUBLISHERS, 263-265 WABASH AVE. CHICAGO

LAIRD & LEE'S Modern Penmanship

AND ITS PRACTICAL APPLICATION



A New and Complete Work by
C. L. RICKETTS, SCRIBE.

47 Full-page Plates

The Origin of Writing—Penmanship,
How to Learn; How to Teach—
Materials; Position; Movement;
Exercises; the Parts of a Letter;
Ornamental Card Writing.

ALPHABETS—VARIOUS STYLES

For Writing, Engrossing or General Lettering

Engrossing Script, Round Hand, Modified Round Hand, German Text, Old English, Modified Old English, Compact Old English, Modified and Open Old English, Old English and Script combined for resolutions, etc., Italics, Marking Alphabet, Roman Capitals, Mediaeval caps, small letters and numerals, Fancy capitals and small letters, Vertical and Slant, with body writing, Business Hand, etc.

| | |
|--|--------|
| Bound in board covers, cloth back, - - - | 60c |
| Full cloth, gold and ink stamped, - - - | \$1.00 |

For sale on all Trains, at all Bookstores, or sent direct to any address in the world, postpaid, on receipt of price, by

LAIRD & LEE, Publishers, 263-265 Wabash Ave. CHICAGO

LAIRD & LEE'S STANDARDS

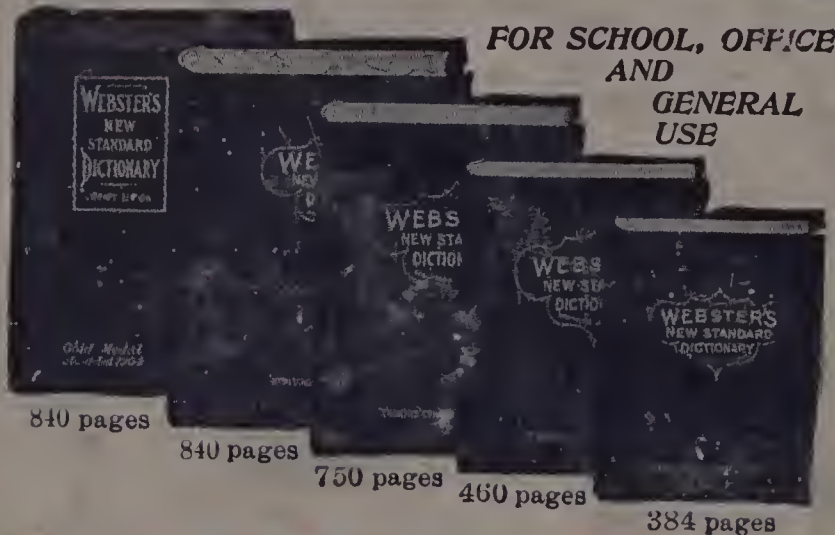
Series of Graded I

For Libraries, Homes, Offices, Universities, Colleges
Schools, including Elementary, Intermediate and

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS



0 020 692 932 7



FOR SCHOOL, OFFICE
AND
GENERAL
USE

Awarded Gold Medal,
World's Exposition, St.
Louis, 1904. Lewis and
Clark Centennial Expo-
sition, Portland, Ore.,
1905.

Officially adopted for
use in Public Schools.

Large clear print. Prop-
er Nouns indicated by
capital initials. Degrees
of Adjectives. Present
Participles and Imper-
fect Tenses of Verbs,
Plural of Nouns, and
Synonyms. Diacritical
marks foot of each page.

Webster's New Standard Dictionary Library Edition

For Library, Home and Office use. Dictionaries of Botany, Rhymes, Mythology, Biography, Geography, Biblical, Historical and Classical Names, Musical, Legal and Medical Terms and Symbols, English Word-building, Rules in Orthography, Foreign Phrases, Abbreviations, Metric System, Proofreading. 15 encyclopedic features in addition to the dictionary proper. 900 illus., 28 full-page plates, 11 in colors. 840 pages. 6x8 inches. Thumb indexed. Flexible leather, polished edges, . \$2.50

Webster's New Standard Dictionary High School and Collegiate Edition

For Schools, Colleges and Universities. Contains all special departments of Library Edition. 900 illustrations, 24 full-page plates, six in colors. 840 pages. 6x8 inches. Half leather, thumb-indexed, . \$1.50

Webster's New Standard Dictionary Students' Common School Edition

Special Dictionaries of Music, Biography, Geography, Biblical, Historical and Classical Names. 750 pages, 840 illus., 19 full-page plates, two pages colored maps. Eastern and Western Hemispheres, a feature found in this edition only. Black silk cloth, side and back title in gold. 5x7 ins. . 75c Black cloth, red edges, gold title, thumb-indexed, 85c

Webster's New Standard Dictionary Intermediate School Edition

A new dictionary. Hand composition, new plates used exclusively for this edition. 30,000 words; 6,000 synonyms. Proper nouns indicated by capital initials. Degrees of adjectives, irregular forms of verbs, plural of nouns. Hundreds of new words. Key diacritical marks foot of each page. Special Department of Grammar. Signs used in writing and typography. Vocabulary words in bold black type. 460 pages. 600 text illustrations, two pages flags of nations in colors. Size, 4 3/4 x 6 1/4 inches, 1 inch thick. Black silk cloth, title in gold, . 50c

Webster's New Standard Dictionary Elementary School Edition

Vocabulary words in bold black type. Profusely illustrated. Diacritical markings uniform with other school editions. 384 pages; 450 illus.; 20,000 words and definitions. Black silk cloth, gold stamping, . 25c

For sale by all booksellers and schoolbook supply houses or sent postpaid,
on receipt of price, by

LAIRD & LEE, Publishers, 263-265 Wabash Avenue, CHICAGO